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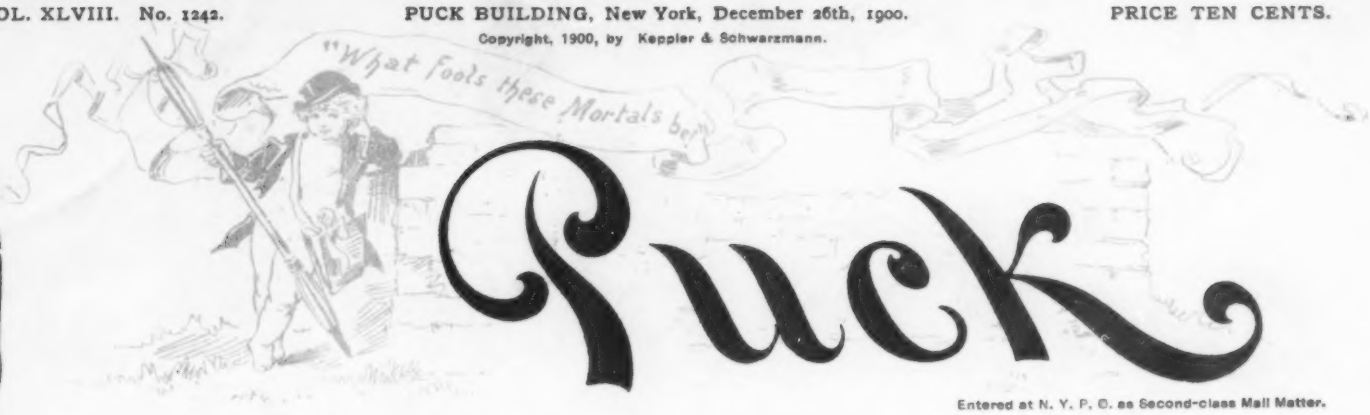

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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A REFORMER SAT ON.

THE FAIR NORTHERNER.—I think it 's perfectly barbarous the way people are lynched around here.

SOUTHERNER.—I think so myself, Ma'am; but after the last lynchin', when I suggested that we chip in an' buy an electric chair, the boys darn near lynched me!

THE REWARDS OF RENOWN.

KANGAROO, Ky., Nov. 7.

MESSRS. HESS & NOTT, owners and proprietors of the Clay County *Cayuse*, published at this place, to-day telegraphed William J. Bryan offering him the important position of sporting and live stock editor on the staff of the *Cayuse*. In anticipation of Mr. Bryan's prompt acceptance, an immediate advance of fifty per cent. in the advertising rates is also announced.

MILTON, Pa., Nov. 8.

"Fatty" (W. P.) Kram, a prominent theatrical and amusement man of this city, yesterday made William Jennings Bryan an offer of $14 per week for forty weeks to do a black-face act and double in brass in connection with Mr. Kram's various enterprises for the coming season. It is stated that in case Mr. Bryan accepts the free list will be absolutely suspended for the full term of his engagement.

AHASHUERUS, Ala., Nov. 9.

It is learned here from a reliable source that the Phakeer Pharmacal Co., sole proprietors of Dr. Slack's Hair Restorer, have made Hon. W. J. Bryan a remunerative proposition for the use of his photograph (with testimonial) for the space of one year, as "Before Using." Mr. Bryan's decision in the matter has not yet been made public.

FURST BASE, Fla., Nov. 10.

The president of the Florida Interstate League has wired W. J. Bryan tendering him the position of Chief of Umpires for the season of 1901, at the unprecedented salary of $17.50 per week and found. The officials of the League are so confident of Mr. Bryan's acceptance that they have already placed orders for more than $40-worth of advertising matter.

BENNINGS, D. C., Nov. 11.

"Deacon" Briggs, the well-known promoter of fistic enterprises, kept the wires hot to-day trying to arrange a four-round exhibition go between his clever protégé, Steve Tilley, the "Kidney Stew," and Billy J. Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, better known as the "Peerless." The Deacon says that, if arranged, the match will be pulled off at this city.

FORT FOOZLE, Ind., Nov. 12.

Prof. Phineas T. Phony admitted this morning that he had made William J. Bryan an offer, at a salary not named, to travel next season with his U. T. C. Patent Medicine Show.

The Professor stated that Mr. Bryan had the proposal under consideration and that, in case he accepted, he would be billed in the leading rôle of *Uncle Tom*. The Professor is also making an effort to secure Hon. George L. Wellington to play the part of *Eliza*.

WASSAR, N. Y., Nov. 13.

Miss Olivia Oldgirl, principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary of this place, has tendered Mr. W. Jennings Bryan the chair of Dancing and Deportment in this important institution of learning. Miss Oldgirl cannily admits that the new acquisition to her faculty is expected to increase the attendance during the session very materially.

W. S. Adkins.

THE Tammany tiger has claws to scratch the man who scratches the ticket.

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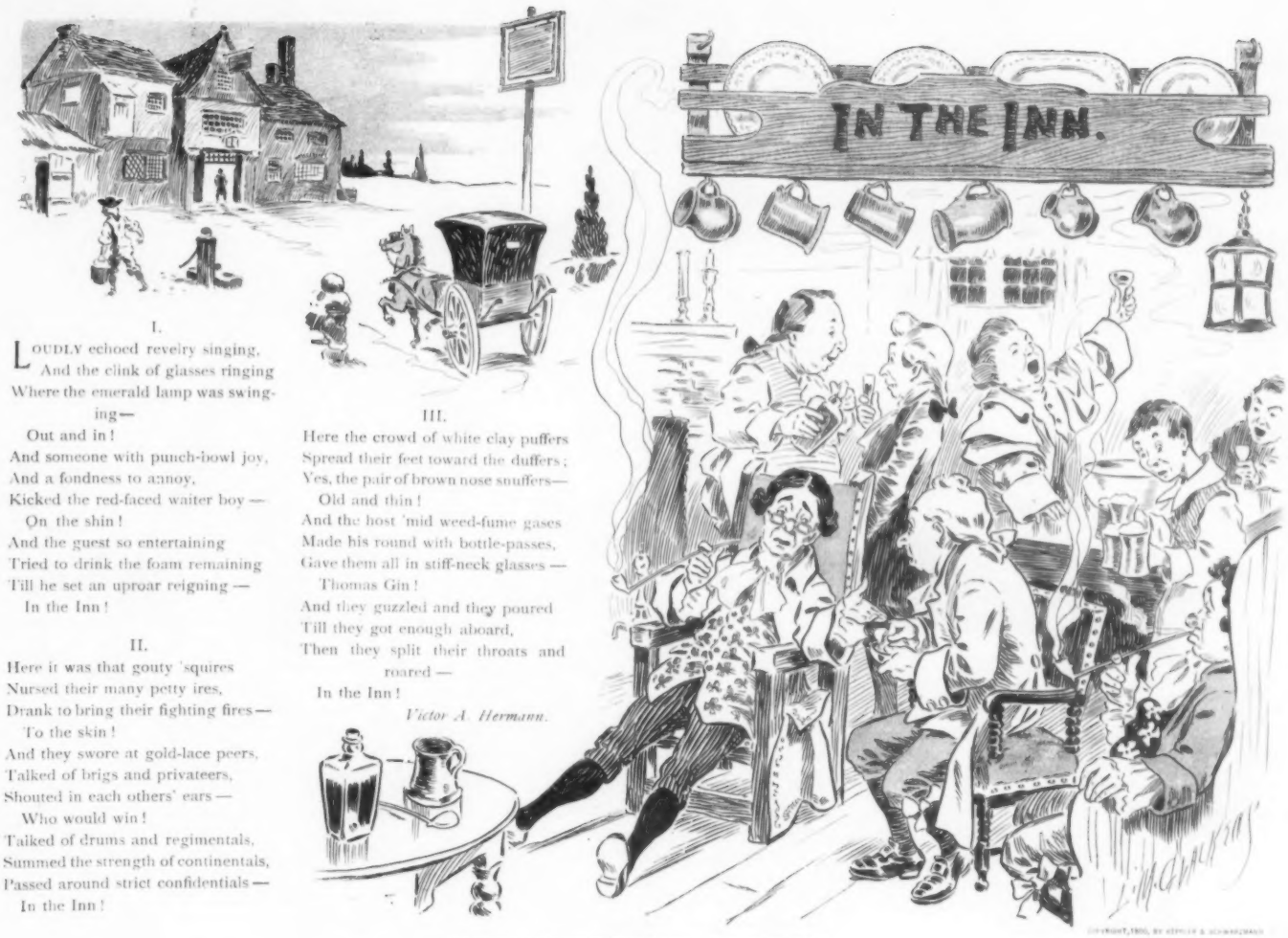
PUCKOGRAPHS. – LXXXIII.

A VERY LIVELY OLD LADY.



I.

LOUDLY echoed revelry singing,
And the clink of glasses ringing
Where the emerald lamp was swinging—
Out and in!
And someone with punch-bowl joy,
And a fondness to annoy,
Kicked the red-faced waiter boy—
On the shin!
And the guest so entertaining
Tried to drink the foam remaining
Till he set an uproar reigning—
In the Inn!

II.

Here it was that gouty 'squires
Nursed their many petty ires,
Drank to bring their fighting fires—
To the skin!
And they swore at gold-lace peers,
Talked of brigs and privateers,
Shouted in each others' ears—
Who would win!
Talked of drums and regimentals,
Summed the strength of continentals,
Passed around strict confidentials—
In the Inn!

III.

Here the crowd of white clay puffers
Spread their feet toward the duffers;
Yes, the pair of brown nose snuffers—
Old and thin!
And the host 'mid weed-fume gases
Made his round with bottle-passes,
Gave them all in stiff-neck glasses—
Thomas Gin!
And they guzzled and they poured
Till they got enough aboard,
Then they split their throats and roared—
In the Inn!

Victor A. Hermann.

DICKENS LOCALIZED.

A WRITER some time ago sold a story to a syndicate that serves every large city in the United States. He laid its scene in New York and supposed that the New York setting would do for every town in which it appeared; but, some weeks later, on picking up a Philadelphia paper, he was surprised to find his story, credited to him, but with the setting changed to the City of Brotherly Love.

This opens up an interesting train of thought. It is well known that local gags, even in Shakspere's plays, will raise a louder laugh than the humor of the bard evokes. Is this true in a larger sense? Do we like that story best that deals with localities with which we are familiar?

If this is really so, there is a fortune awaiting the man who will go into the business of localizing famous novels and we may soon look for a literary announcement something like this:

"We are pleased to announce a New York edition of David Copperfield. All the wit, humor and pathos of the great author are retained, but the scenes are to be made more interesting to Metropolitan readers by removing them to New York and vicinity.

"David goes to Public School Number 10, and after he leaves it he obtains employment in a warehouse on Water Street. Dora lives at Dobbs Ferry and Peggotty at Coney Island, the ark being located at West Brighton.

"A Boston edition is also in preparation that will show Aunt Betsy Trotwood as living out Cambridge way, and in this one David first works in a warehouse on Commerce Street and goes to the Boston Latin school. Peggotty's ark is down at Nantasket and is reached by electrics, and David's first dissipation is followed up by a visit to the Howard Athenæum where he meets Agnes, who is laughing at a clever olio whose top-liners are the Russells.

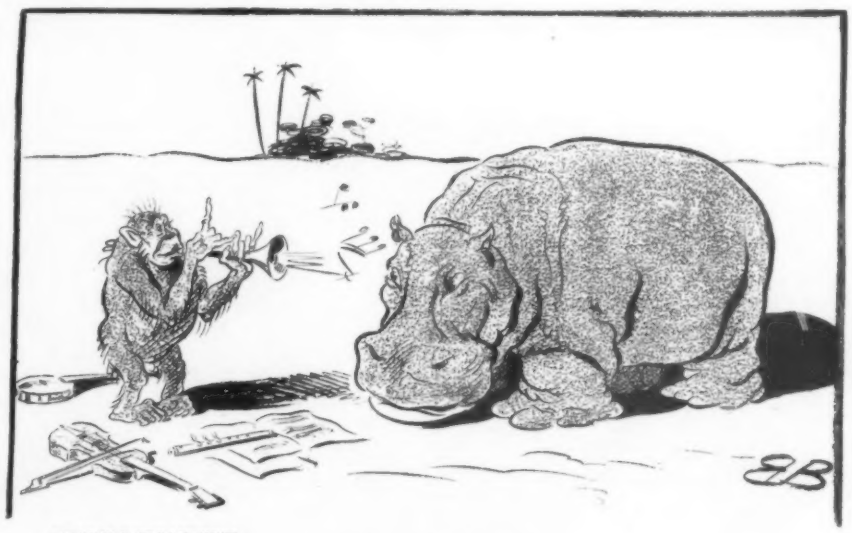
"A Philadelphia edition is also in preparation.

"These tales of Dickens are so very clever that it has seemed to the adaptor a great pity that the scenes should be such out-of-the-way ones to the untraveled reader, and he is sure that a David who comes down to business on a Third Avenue elevated train, or a Shawmut Avenue trolley, instead of taking a 'bus that ran out of existence forty years ago, will be more vital to-day to most wide-awake readers.

"A Tale of Two Cities is also in preparation for the holidays, the cities being Hoboken and New York. Instead of the French Revolution the draft riots will be introduced to give vraisemblance.

"Hoboken readers will find Dickens in this guise well worthy of their perusal."

Charles Battell Loomis.



MUSICAL CHITCHAT.

THE MONK.—Do you play at all, Miss Hippo?

MISS HIPPO.—Yes; a little on the banjo. But I find it rather difficult to get the fingering.

A FEAST fit for a king is not always fit for a man who has to work for a living.

YOU ARE not really swell until you get rich enough to dispense with common courtesy.

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ACCOUNTED FOR.

JUDGE.—This lady says you threw both arms around her waist while trying to get her pocket-book.

PRISONER.—I wuz simply makin' love to de lady, your Honor! I am a foreign nobleman!

THE VENERABLE PIANO.

"I DON'T KNOW how old that instrument is," said the superannuated care-taker of the village theatre, referring to the hoary piano which lounged near the stage, "but I know it don't date back to no Paleozoic Age, as an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* actor once sarcastically said about it.

"That was before my time, though, for I have n't been janitor here only since '69. For a spell after I came out of the army I got along pretty well, but bime-bye my wound got to pesterin' me again, and I was n't good for much, and so I drifted into lookin' after the Hall here. The piano were here then; but it was pretty spritely in them days, and could n't have been, I judge, more than ten or a dozen years old. Strictly speakin', it was n't really here, for the Town Hall was burnt down in '73, and then Potter built this Opery House—but, 'tenny rate, the piano was in the Hall when I first came here.

"If this old instrument could talk I bet it would be able to tell some mighty interestin' stories about the drama, for it has seen just about all kinds of actin' that ever was. One time and another, it has seen *Kathleen Mavourneen* and *Ten Nights* and *Driven from Home*, and such as that, and Bell Ringers and *Damon and Pythias*, and them ratty livin' pictures, and more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* than you could shake a stick at; and the great Ludington, too—Say! There was an actor, if ever there was one! Why, sir, the glass in the back windows used to actually rattle when he was gittin' off one of them soliloquies of his'n!

"It has seen, or, at least, heard about, the advance agent of Madam Somebody's Dizzy Blondes comin' along and puttin' up a batch of lithographs that was n't so awful interestin', after all, and then winkin' the president of the W. C. T. U.'s husband, who was a sort of a *roo*—that is a French word that 's spelt *r-o-u-e*—off to one side; and they 'd confab, and a couple o' dollars would change hands. Then the *roo* would let slip a few words at home about the comin' attraction, and there 'd be a hen convention right away. And the next day the W. C. T. U. ladies would git out and dob white paper over them highly immoral pictures from neck to knees; and there 'd be a packed house the night of the show, and everybody would be disgusted b'cuz the performance was n't half as bad as they expected. I 've seen that game worked a good many times, with variations, and I 've always noticed that the name of the advance agent was Ikenstein, or something of the kind. Them Hebrews is smooth folks!

"All the way along, this old piano has been cussed and kicked at like a step-son, and without any special reason, as far as I could see. I 'm sure it has stood up to its work right along, and has n't been a continual bill of expense, either, like some of the luxuries we enjoy. No, sir; it has n't had to be tuned but once, and that was in the Fall of '79. it got so 's when one tune was played

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BETWEEN FRIENDS.

"I think it 's a great pity everybody don't like music."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes; because they have to stand a lot of it whether they do or not."

MIGHT IS RIGHT; OR, HOW THE POWER OF WEALTH DOES NOT ALWAYS PREVAIL.

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CHOLLY GOTROX.—I may not be as strong and handsome as me rival, Jack Irons, but I have the advantage of him this time.

MISS LOVELEE.—Is n't it delightful? Is n't it grand? Oh! how happy you must be, Mr. Gotrox, to have money enough to buy one of these machines!

CHOLLY GOTROX.—Ah! Miss Lovelee, it 's but a drop in the bucket. I could buy hundreds of such toys if it would only please those I love.

MISS LOVELEE.—This rapid pace is simply heavenly! Oh! What is the matter, Mr. Gotrox? Anything wrong?

CHOLLY GOTROX.—No, I think not; but here we come to a blacksmith shop. I will stop and get out and look.

"Now, you sit there quietly, you will be perfectly safe, while I go in and see what the blacksmith says is wrong."

MISS LOVELEE (*with the usual womanly curiosity*).—I do wonder how this thing works? I guess it will do no harm for me to touch this lever.

"O Goodness Me! Help! Help! It 's alive! It 's going!

"Oh! will it never, never stop? I am lost! This road runs down a hill like a precipice a half-mile further. I will be dashed to pieces!"

JACK IRONS (*appearing by chance*).—Ye Gods! 'T is Clara! Hold tight! Sit still! I will save you. As it passes me I will grab it.

(As he grabs the machine (aside).— "By Jove! I believe the machine will stop itself for lack of gasoline in a half minute. Hold still! Remain seated! *I* will stop it.

(As the vehicle stops of its own accord).— "*There!* That is the beauty of being strong. One moment, I will help you out."

MISS LOVELEE.— Yes, Mr. Irons—Jack—I am yours. My life is yours. I prefer to go through life with such a big, strong, noble man than with all the wealth of the Gotrox family.

"Nay, Nay, Mr. Gotrox. Take your flying machine home, alone. I will walk back with my future husband, Mr. Irons. *You* risked my life — *He* saved it."

on the keys it sounded like something entirely different when it came out; — you could play 'When the Roses Come Again,' and you 'd git 'The Burnin' of the Lady Elgin,' likely enough. And bime-bye it got so it would play selections when nobody was near it. Then Potter got sort of worried and had it tuned — cost him four dollars, I recollect — and be blamed if there was n't two great big rats in it and a whole batch of little ones! Anybody would act queer with that many rats in 'em, I guess!

"There 's a key that has n't sounded a note for eight years, but just whacked away like clackin' two pieces of wood together; and most every professor that has officiated on it since it got diseased has kicked like fury about that note. But there was a young professor here about three years ago with *Muldoon's Picnic* that found out right away what that note was good for. By jing! When old *Muldoon* himself was dancin' the professor wound up every verse of his playin' by whackin' on that crippled key, like this: '*Tinklety-tink-tink! Whackity-whack!*' Tell you, it was funny, and the whole show just howled! The professor told me afterwards that he never found a piano in a country Opery House before that he could do such execution with; he was a smart feller, that professor was!

"Time of the fire, the piano fell downstairs along with the men that was rescuin' it, and broke its northwest leg clear off and also Hen Tuttles' left leg, only the latter did n't come off. Billfinger, the wagon-maker,

CHOLLY GOTROX.— Confound it all! A rich man's son does n't have any chance these days. Spend five thousand on a machine which only runs you into defeat! Bah!

erected a new leg — for the piano, not for Hen — and it has worked first-rate ever since, except that it is a bit shorter than the other three and has to be hiked up with a brick.

"There was a professor here with the Dolly Fry Spectacular *East Lynne* Company in '94 — he was a runty old German with a big mop of hair — and before he had officiated more than five minutes on the instrument he began to wiggle and snort; his hair brizzled up like a porkypine and he commenced to spit out horrible three-cornered German oaths, forgittin' that there were ladies present, and gittin' louder and louder, till directly he hopped up with a yell of fury, grabbed a chair and broke it all to flinders on top of the piano; and then we hustled him out, breathin' forth fire, smoke and lava, so to express it. Well, and next year, a feller that had been with that show came along here with another attraction and told me that the durned old Dutchman actually saw pianos, like a sot sees snakes, for more than a week after that. Musicians is mostly cranks, I 've noticed.

"Well, they may kick at this 'ere piano all they want to, but to me it is just like an old friend; and I don't want anything better or different. It suits *me*, and I 've got most of the say a-comin' here, for I am janitor of this Opery House, and do most of the managin', too, b'cuz Potter don't pay much attention, long 's he gits his percentage, bein' more interested in his Palace Undertakin' Parlors, downstairs."

Tom P. Morgan.

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THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

EDITH.— Our butler is dignified enough to be the Lord Mayor of London!

ETHEL.— Is that all? Why, our butler is dignified enough to be the Lord Mayor of London's butler!

THE SUBURBAN BLUFF.

MRS. HERMITAGE *(of Lonelyville, with suburban interest).*— The "For Sale or Lease" sign has disappeared from the Isolates' cottage and they are singing "Home, Sweet Home." They must have sold or leased their place.

MR. HERMITAGE *(sagely).*— Oh! I guess they have only got some city friends spending Sunday with them.

PATIENCE NEEDED.

ISAACS. — Don't you t'ink a man gan brofit by his misdakes?

COHENSTEIN. — Sure! But he should nod expegt quvick redurns on der invesdmend.

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NOT ANTICIPATED.

THE SPECTATOR.— By Jove! Our friend needs exercise, but I 'll bet he never expected his hat to give it to him!

THE PERFECT IDYL.

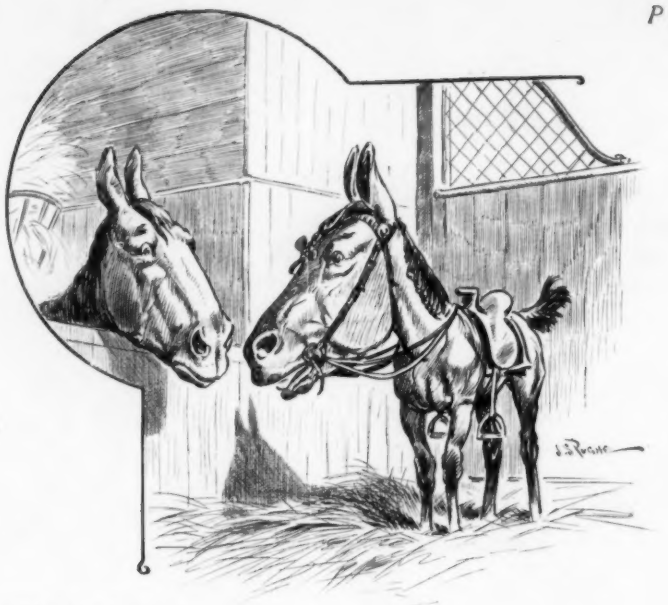
Pink-petticoated sheperdesses
Sighing 'neath some trees;
A fair amount of flaxen tresses
(Dark ones, if you please).
A lot of lovely eyes to match
The coiffure that you choose;
Of shell-like ears another batch —
A shepherd lad who woos.

A flock of very fleecy sheep,
A fluffy cloud or so;
A rippling rill not very deep,
A breeze as breezes go.
A sky of faintly fragile blue,
A bush of roses bridal;
Some leaves, light-emerald in hue —
Behold the perfect idyl!

S. G. Campbell.

THE MILLENNIUM will come as soon as we are ready for it.

THE MAN who builds up may be more honored than the man who tears down; but, when building is to be done, tearing down is often a necessary preliminary.



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AN INQUIRY.

"Now, if there 's anything in the transmigration doctrine—"
"What 's your idea? Expect to become an automobile?"

DETHRONEMENT.

OH, MAIDEN rare! Oh, maiden fair!
With grace and charm in every air,
Are you aware, or don't you care,
That hearts for you are breaking?
Do you not know when you smile so,
With budding dimples all a-blow,
Young manhood at your feet lies low
To be yours for the taking?

The queen rules sometimes for a day,
A week, a year; but Fortune's fickle;
The sun is high, it will not stay—
The cunning hand will swing the sickle!

Maid, fancy free; maid, full of glee,
Of artless arts of coquetry,
The time will be when you will see
That youthful glow is waning.
Then sad the time, then false the rhyme,
Then harshly jangled is the chime—
Then will you strive to be a mime,
The mask of youth retaining?

The queen rules but a little space—
From her the sceptre passes;
Another has usurped the place,
And to her bow the masses!

Wood Levette Wilson.

HE MAKES A CONFESSION.

JOHNNY.—Are you very sick, Mama?

MAMA.—Yes, Johnny. I think I 'll have to go to the doctor's.

JOHNNY.—Don't go to our doctor, Mama.

MAMA.—Why not, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—He does n't know anything.

MAMA.—Nonsense! What makes you think so?

JOHNNY.—I *know* so!

MAMA.—How do you know?

JOHNNY.—Well, I know. Don't go to him.

MAMA.—I certainly shall unless you give me a better reason than that.

JOHNNY.—Please don't, Mama!

MAMA.—Indeed, I shall!

JOHNNY.—Well, I know you 'll be angry, Mama, but last Winter, when the doctor told you to keep me home from school for a week, there was n't anything the matter with me. I know you 'll be angry—

But her reproaches were very mild.

SOMEWHAT SURPRISED.

"Yes," said the first detective; "Hawkeye arrested the man in Chicago."

"That 's peculiar," murmured the second detective. "There was n't any reward offered."

BOUND TO WIN.

"I could n't get interested in solitaire."

"You might if you adopted Oldfogey's method. He bets himself drinks on the result."

LOSING HOPE.

UNCLE BOB.—What a big boy you 're getting to be, Johnny!

JOHNNY *(gloomily)*.—Yes. I guess there 's no chance of my being a jockey.

"FLAT" ORNAMENTS.

MRS. NEWTOHARLEM.—Why, this mantel is so narrow that there is not room on it to stand a statuette, Mortimer!

MR. NEWTOHARLEM *(philosophically)*.—That 's so. I suppose that when one moves into a Harlem flat, one is supposed to exchange one's statuettes and other parlor ornaments for bas-reliefs.

IRRESISTIBLE.

HER MOTHER *(reprovingly)*.—Could n't you have resisted when he kissed you?

HER DAUGHTER *(demurely)*.—I don't know. He said *he* could n't.

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THE REASON.

THE MATRON.—I wondah why none ob ouah el'gible young men hab nevah captuahed dat Miss Yallerby?

THE MAID.—Huh! She ain't no chicken!

PUCK.

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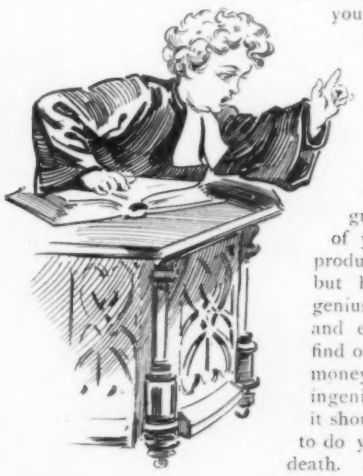
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK'S SERMON TO GIVERS.

DEARLY BELOVED, the moderately prosperous among you may go. This talk is to those of you that have trouble not in making both ends meet but in making them lap over gracefully. Little of the world's work can be done by you clumsy few at best. Directly you can do nothing. Indirectly you can stimulate those who do the real work of producing your surplus, and whose active minds and trained hands devise and execute the things that sustain you. These compose what is called the "middle class." They could exist without you, but not you without them. Not counting the services needing little skill, who else could plan your houses, "landscape" your gardens, design your clothes, fashion your jewels, create your statues and pictures, write your books, perform your music, act your plays, fabricate your wines, and achieve those culinary triumphs that are said to grace even your minor feasts? Not one of your number, surely. Your class has produced mere accretive grubbers enough, but how rarely a mind worth while, — a genius that increased the harmonies, interests and expressions of life! Whatsoever you find of pleasure or profit to-day, from your money to your religion, has come from the ingenious activities of this middle class. If it should quit telling you what to think and to do you would presently bore yourselves to death. Hence your salvation lies in conserving this class. Raise its efficiency, then, by increasing its numbers from beneath, and you render unto yourselves and the world the one service your money-fatness has left you fit to perform.



* * *

And this is no simple process. The secret of it is by no means worn upon the sleeve of things as they seem to be. Else you would long since have done all that can be done. You are willing to give; even anxious. But giving is a difficult art. I do not say that out of the millions you have bestowed much good has not come; only that the most obtainable has not. There has been a vast quantity of what in mechanics is called "lost motion." And this it should be your future aim to eliminate. Every truth adequately stated, either in physics or metaphysics, will be found to involve a paradox. In this matter it is that the best giving is no giving. From the infant's milk to the adult's meat it were better for us all were we never forced to accept more than we had consciously earned. But this ideal of conduct is made unattainable by the overwhelming impulse of the human nature to give. It is not only more blessed to give than to receive: it is more natural; and one who can get a far and fair perspective on the past development of the human mind will see how the giving impulse must in time become the commoner. For the present the thing to do is to mask your giving; to create the illusion that you part with nothing except for a fair consideration. Thus you can gratify your impulse to give, yet strengthen instead of weakening the recipients of your bounty.

* * *

To get to the roast of this repast: the tenement districts in this city at once invite your aid and challenge your intelligence. You have read what my fellow-laborer, Bishop Potter, has disclosed regarding the awful conditions here. And some of you want to help in the work of amelioration. But I doubt if any of you have quite realized the cause of the evils. It is true that vice prevails in these districts; it is equally true that it should not. But true it also is that the moral reform must wait upon a material reform. Perhaps the most valuable truth that the wise men of the 19th century learned for us is that nothing can ever "happen." These peculiarly horrible manifestations of vice in the tenements come necessarily from the material conditions of life there. They can not be reformed by moral teaching since a lack of moral teaching is not their cause. Herd a dozen men, women and children into one small, dark room; let them eat, sleep and perhaps work there fourteen hours of the day, and you will get just one thing, which is the thing you have got. Hardly could the cattle from which your prime beef is cut survive the hardship. The human being, more flexible, does survive, after a fashion. And this should be your marvel and your inspiration. Where one might expect the morals of a rabbit-hutch, is it great wonder that there be yieldings here and there to pressures under which the best of us are none too stable? Should it not surprise, rather, that there is not more drunkenness and more crime and more disease? Is it not, in short, a miracle that, through all this obscene promiscuity and inevitable filth, there should still go stubborn strivings after the ideals of right and sweetness and decency? For in no other class is there more right living in proportion to the inducements. And this is how we know these people are worth helping. They can all be raised from the lower to the middle class, so that we should have but two classes, — the prosperous and the awkwardly prosperous. But it must be a hygienic before it is a moral reform. Not more religion but more sunlight and more air and more decent privacy; not more tracts but more bath-tubs; and not more free Christmas dinners but more sanitary plumbing at cost. Mr. Carnegie, who says as well as does good things, lately pointed out that, whereas, once the cry was "Heaven, our Home," it has come, with modern enlightenment, to be "Home, our Heaven." That is very good, indeed. Then let these other parts of you rent a three or four-room Heaven for the money they must now pay for their one-room Hell. In so short a time as ten years such a remedy would better the health of society more than all your gifts to colleges, churches and libraries have done. Learning is good, but a society with a running sore on its body should do something else before it studies the classics. To tear down the disease-breeding rookeries, in which these people now rot out their bodies and their souls, and build model tenements in their stead will, it is true, be mitigated philanthropy; but that is the wisest sort. Until this is done you may enjoy a vice crusade when you like. The vice will be there.

* * *

And so, dearly beloved, reflect if this be not the way to cure certain of your ailing parts. If it be another way, then that other way must soon be found, for your own preservation. For among the paradoxes with which it hath pleased Heaven to mystify us is this: that we are all of us but one as truly as each of us is one; that we are in some mysterious way not more than unlike expressions of each other; that this big whole suffers with each of its members, near or remote, according to its sensitiveness; and that day by day this sensitiveness — the simple cause of all philanthropy — is increasing. Since you must, then, apply some of your excess power to your own protection, is not the plan I have indicated a promising one?

PUCK, D. D.

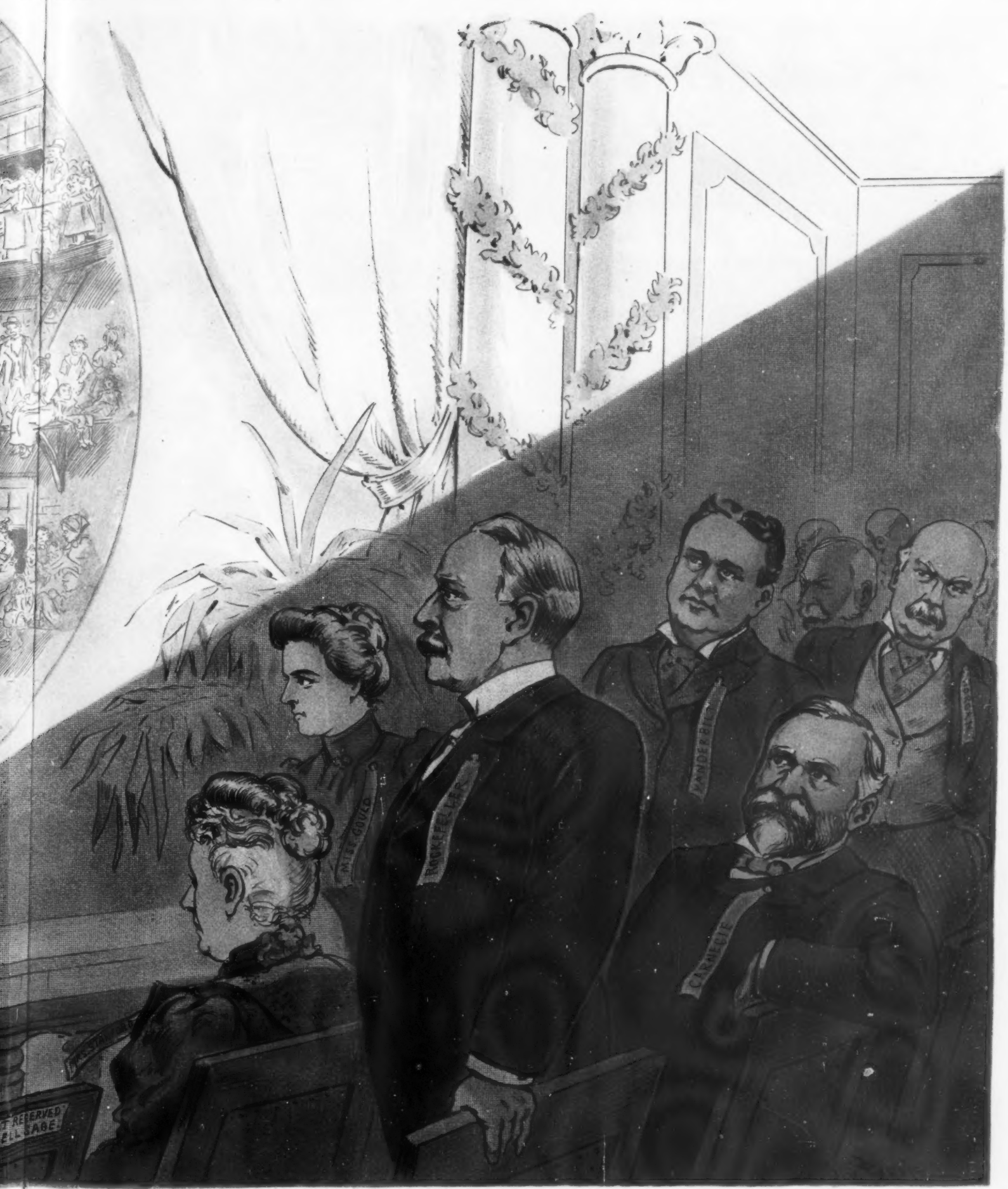
THE WHIPPING POST.

A LONG-FELT WANT AT WEST POINT AND SOME OTHER POINTS.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A CHRISTMAS

PUCK. — Here is something for you generous millionaires to think about, when you are endowing schools, colleges and libraries. A chance to learn is good, but a chance to live is better. Your present plan gives more to those that already have much. Suppose you try giving something nothing. Provide necessities for the poor rathe It is better to give these many thousands a chanc



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RISTMAS SERMON.

iving something to those that have less than the poor rather than luxuries for the rich. usands a chance to live clean, decent, moral lives than to give a few hundred sons of well-to-do parents a college education. While these horrible conditions exist one model tenement will do more real good than a dozen colleges. You mean well. Try to do as well as you mean.

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LOST.

MAY.—You came near accepting Jack once, did n't you?

BELLE.—Oh, yes! I offered to toss a coin to see if I would marry him, but he did n't have a coin to toss.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE SENTIMENTAL SONG.

FROM time immemorial the writer of sentimental songs has been wont to ignore such trifling items as the cardinal points of the compass, meridians of longitude or parallels of latitude, and to embody all his ideas of location in the highly significant words, "far away." Sometimes he varies the monotony by saying, "far, far away."

In an age of progress and precision, this indefinite way of locating things is becoming tiresome, not to say offensive.

At first blush it might seem that "away" is so popular on account of its handiness in rhyming with such words as "May," "gay," "ray," "pay," "jay," "debris," "tete-a-tete," but when we recollect that the average song-smith rhymes "far away" with "ice-wagon" or "grandmother" fully as often as he does with any of the above-named words, this theory becomes untenable. It is painfully evident that this continual use of "far away" is solely the result of habit, and, in the interests of reason and consistency, it is high time that a halt be called.

That plaintive melody of a bygone generation, the "Suwanee River," is a conspicuous example of the silliness of the thing.

Now the "Suwanee River" is a taking tune at a husking-bee in Skeboygan, Me., but people who actually live near it wish it were "far, far away," as it is merely a malarial creek and of no use to anyone, except fledgling Congressmen, who accumulate much experience trying to get appropriations through for the opening up of navigation.

There is another ditty before the public with some such refrain as "'Mid the Green Bogs of Virginia (pronounced Fur-jin-ya) Far Away." This may be all very well for the composer on the fourth floor back of a Hoboken boarding-house, but that song is sung very extensively by Sunday-school excursionists on the lower Potomac, where the green bogs of Virginia are not too "far away" for the boat to run aground on them quite frequently. Imagine the emotions of the captain as the craft sticks hard and fast in the mud and prepares to spend the evening, and two thousand all-unconscious voices burst forth with, "'Mid the Green Bogs of Virginia Far Away."

There are two ways out of the difficulty. One is to let the geographical location of all places referred to in sentimental songs be precise and exact. For example: "My Old Home in Chuckquahog, Four Miles Due North of Swampoodle, Conn."

Or, if the song-writer will cling to his everlasting "far away," let things be so arranged that on no part of this planet would the words become incogruous. For instance: "The Dear Old Mule I Used to Drive on the Canals in Mars So Far Away;" or, "As we Gamboled, Far Away, 'Mid the Mountains of the Moon."

It is safe to say that some years will elapse before these titles will need to be revised.

W. S. Adkins.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

FIRST TURKEY.—You 're looking all right, Gobbler!

SECOND TURKEY.—Oh! I 'm feeling very well now, but I had nervous prostration right up to Christmas.

ALL HE WANTED.

MR. ISAACS.—Vell, may be Santa Claus mighd come to see us. Vot vould you like him to gif you?

IKEY.—I vish he vould gif me a sgysgraper.

NOBODY BUT Santa Claus could possibly get so many children to go to bed early.

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SLICK.

THE STOREKEEPER.—What be ye laughin' at, Hiram?

HIRAM MEDDERS *(convulsed)*.—Oh! Oh! Oh! Ha! Ha! He! He! I got ahead of old Sam Seedman that time!

THE STOREKEEPER.—You did? Good!

HIRAM MEDDERS.—Yes. See that sporty city feller goin' for th' train? Well, last week he sold a gold brick to old Sam for fifteen hundred dollars; and, by Jinks! I just bought one of him for twelve hundred and fifty. Oh! Ha! Ha! He! He!

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MR. SNAPSHOT'S RUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHER *(to himself)*.— Heavens! What a brutally blasé expression! But if I tell her to try and look pleasant she 'll get mad. What shall I do? Ah! I have it. *(Aloud)*.— Madam, if you only could try and look a bit severe — I know it is hard for you to banish from your angelic countenance that habitual expression of innocent merriment and youthful thoughtlessness that sits so well thereon, but —

"Ah! That is the very thing, Ma'am. It will finish beautifully, I am sure!"

LOST.

MR. AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.— A very good morning to you, friend Lee! By the way, I want to tell you the smartest thing my little three-year-old Georgie got off —

FRIEND LEE.— I am indeed sorry, but this is my car! Another time —

Thus does a malignant fate forestall our historians and throw them back upon the resources of their own more or less vivid imaginations!

WHAT a pleasant world this would be if every cook and her mistress constituted a mutual admiration society!

REALISM.

With my forthcoming realistic novel in mind, I strolled abroad in search of color and chanced upon a man drowning.

"How fortunate!" I exclaimed. "I will throw him a straw and see precisely how he clutches at it!"

Nor did I forget devoutly to thank the kindly providence which permitted me thus to gain knowledge of paramount importance in my work.

RIVALS IN UNPOPULARITY.

FIRST MICROBE.— I see they keep right on roasting us!

SECOND MICROBE.— Yes; it 's a toss-up between us and the Trusts.

HOPED HE DID N'T HAVE TO.

THE BOY.— They told me to call you, but may be there 's some mistake.

UNCLE JOSH.— Gosh! I hope so! I don't want to git up yet.

HIS NATURAL INFERENCE.

SHE.— Tell me, darling, am I the only woman you have ever loved?

HE.— Huh! Do you take me for Adam?

A REFORMER REBUKED.

GERMAN CHILD.— I don't believe in emperors, Mama.

GERMAN MOTHER *(shocked)*.— Oh! You little infidel!

A DANGER SIGNAL.

Like a warning light on a stormy night,
Oh, bark of youth! to thee,
The crimson nose of the toper glows —
Put forth to the open sea!

DID N'T DO IT.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.— Why, howdy, George! I hear you 've been doing Europe.

SECOND BUNCO MAN.— Oh, no! It was merely a pleasure trip!

IT IS a great pity that we can't save money without economizing.

IF WE may believe all the advertisements, the opportunity of a lifetime presents itself several times a day.

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PHILANTHROPHIC.

ISAACSTEIN.— Levy says dot after his next failure he vas going to entow a "home for aged and intigent merchands."

ABRAHAMS.— Any special class?

ISAACSTEIN.— Vell, yes; — he says dot his gredidors shall be given der breference!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

ENJOYMENT.

"Do you enjoy reading Dickens?"

"Very much," answered Miss Cayenne. "His works contain so many odd and villainous characters to whom it is a pleasure to compare one's enemies." — *Washington Star.*

White Rock LITHIA WATER WAS AWARDED ONLY GOLD MEDAL OVER ALL COMPETITORS AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

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EASILY REDUCED.

FIRST BOY.—How kin a silver dollar be only worth fifty-three cents to a feller, like de gold-bugs say?

SECOND BOY.—Dead easy! All yer got ter do is have a goil wid yer!

Vigor of mind and strength of body are attendant upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great rejuvenator. At druggists and grocers.

For a morning nip a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is the thing. It will make a winner of you.

EAGLE MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Careful selection of fruit and artistic packing have rendered them superior to all. Their pure fruit taste appeals to everyone.

THEY OWN THE MARKET

Delicious in Ices, Sherbets, and essential in Cocktails. Invariably fresh. Patent glass closure. No metal to taint the contents.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES

RHEINSTROM BROS.,
945-947 Martin Street, or 946-966 East Front Street, } CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Popularity

Nothing eatable or drinkable ever attains lasting popularity without the intrinsic merit of refined quality.

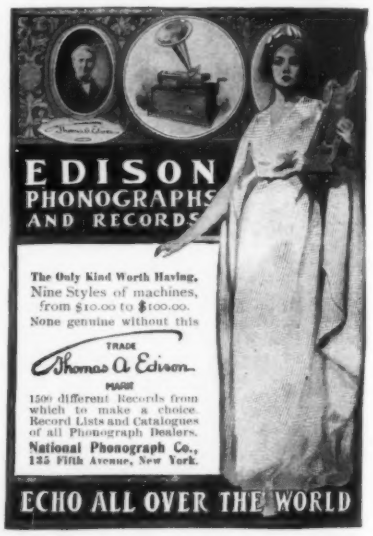
The Standard of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Always Pure Old Mellow

has made it the most popular whiskey, because it is the purest type of the purest.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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Coronado, Pasadena, Catalina, Santa Barbara, Monterey and others.

Islands as bewitching as Capri, a coast as gay as the Riviera, mountains rivaling the Alps.

A winter climate surpassing that of Egypt and Algiers.

Sumptuous hotels with accommodations for thousands of guests.

The **California Limited** runs daily, Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco, via **Santa Fe Route.**

For illustrated pamphlets, address

General Passenger Office,
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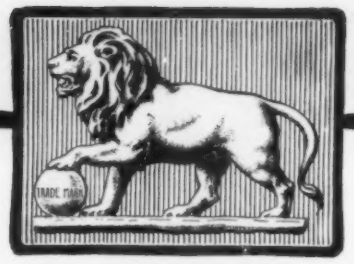
CHICAGO.

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald.*



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Gold Lion Cocktails

are always mixed in exact proportions

Seven varieties ✓ At all first-class dealers

***The* COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York**

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

WINTER'S MESSAGE.

Mister Winter sen' a breeze
  Blowin' high en low;
Tell me: "Ef you want ter freeze
  Lemme in de do'!
Heah my fros', an' heah my snow,—
Rise en lemme in de do'!"

"Mister Winter, please come 'long—
  Whar you loafin' at?
Lemme heah de fiddle song—
  Carve de 'possum fat!"
Den he holler high en low,—
"Rise en lemme in de do'!"

Summer lef' me high en dry—
  Slam de do'—ker bla-am!
Kick dat log twell red sparks fly—
  Take yo' mawnin' dram!
Winter holler high en low,—
"Rise en lemme in de do'!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HIS AGE.

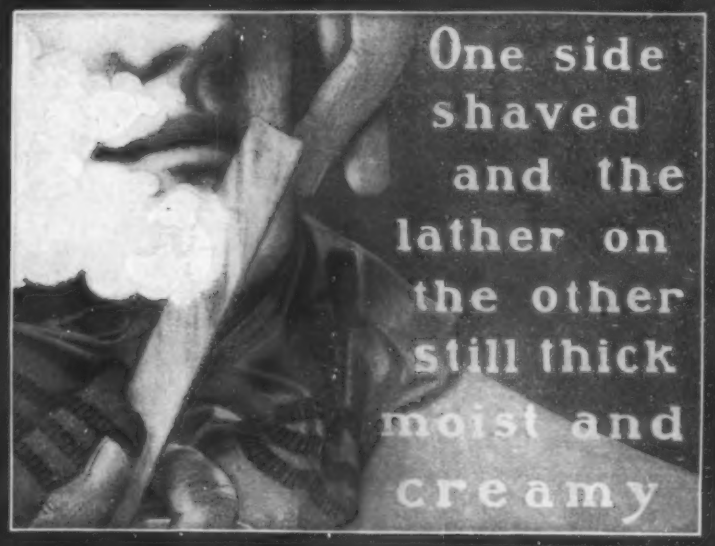
"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist in North Carolina.

"I dunno erzackly what my age is, boss," replied the colored man. "But I kin tell you dis: I allus was old enough to know better dan to try to vote."—*Washington Star.*

COMMON courtesy seems to be that which sometimes requires us to be disagreeable to ourselves, in order that we may be agreeable to somebody else.—*Indianapolis News.*

Brain-workers and nervous people know the beneficial effects derived from the use of the genuine *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



A prominent barber humorously writes us that he can cover the face of his customer with lather—step around the block and get a glass of—soda water—return and find the lather as moist and creamy as when first applied.

With most soaps, before one side of the face is shaved, the lather on the other side has almost disappeared, leaving a tough residue that smarts and bites the face and dulls the razor, and it is necessary to apply the lather several times before the operation is completed.

Williams' Soap is "the only kind that won't dry on the face." This remarkable quality of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is found in no other, and has made it famous all over the world.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are the only recognized standard for Shaving, and in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Shaving Cream, etc., are sold by druggists and perfumers all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, Books, Newspaper.

Card Press $5
Larger, $18
Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. **No pay till cured.** Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.** **Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.**

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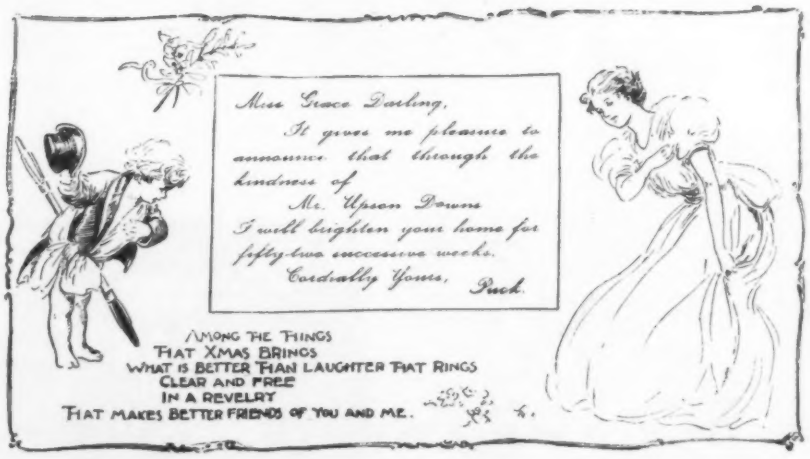
PUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARD.



Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

. . A Suitable Christmas Present . .

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers, but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: **PUCK, New York.**

THE INSURANCE OFFICE IS OPEN

for men, women, and children who are well enough to get there and prudent enough to get there in time. The time to secure Life Insurance in

The Prudential

is

NOW

while you are well, strong, and Insurable

Write for particulars.

Address
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THE PRUDENTIAL
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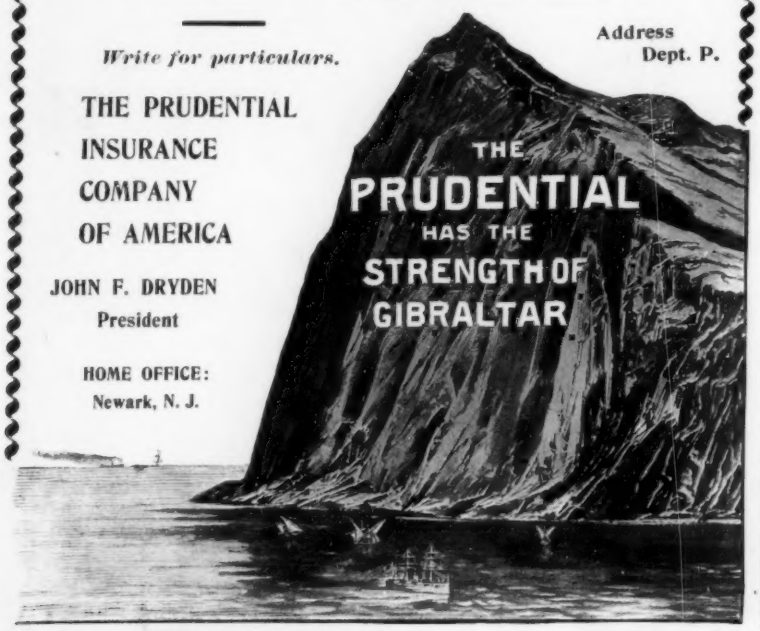

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We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phil. and N. Y., Sole Proprietors. ESTABLISHED 1793.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

$250 REWARD

for information leading to the conviction of any dealer having refilled empty bottles of ED. PINAUD'S world-renowned

Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic,

or adulterating and tampering in any shape or form with the original contents of the same.

This offer is bona fide, and is made in order to protect the consumer of ED. PINAUD'S Toilet Preparations.

Any communication relative to the detection of such frauds will be treated in strict confidence.

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FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE INNKEEPER.—Mynheer Vanderscrap is a great believer in our colony.

THE TRAVELER.—So I see. He is trying to convince his friend that some day New Amsterdam will be a greater town than Old Amsterdam.

Throat Ease
and Breath
Perfume.
SEN-SEN
TRADE MARK
5¢

BENEDICT'S TIME.
END VIEW DIAMONDS and WATCHES SIDE VIEW
A SPECIALTY.
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.
Watches, Diamonds, Chains, and Rich Jewelry.
"THE BENEDICT"
Is our patent Sleeve and Collar Button, strong, durable and easy to adjust. In Gold, Silver, and rolled gold.
BENEDICT BROTHERS,
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171 BROADWAY.
Cor. Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED 1821.
SIDE VIEW END VIEW

ASK YOUR DEALER HE HAS THEM
AMERICA'S FAMOUS
TRADE YPSILANTI MARK
HEALTH UNDERWEAR
IF NOT SEND FOR BOOKLET TO
HAY & TODD MFG. CO.
YPSILANTI, MICH.

The delightful flavour and unmistakable aroma peculiar to "Canadian Club" Whisky are not affected in the slightest degree by the addition of carbonated or still water. High Balls made from "Canadian Club" are unusually fragrant and delicious, and have a flavour which is thoroughly delightful and satisfying.

"What is your name, sir?"
"Sam Weller, my lord."
"Do you spell it with a V or W?"
"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord."

It is so with
ALES
You can spell them most any way; but if you rely upon the taste and fancy of connoisseurs you will spell it

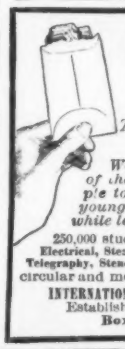
E-V-A-N-S'

The train had started, two friends had parted,
One going away for his health;
The other stayed home, let traveling alone;
Took R.I.P.A.N.S and piled up his wealth.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH — Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Arnold Constable & Co.
Handkerchiefs.
Real Lace, Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Handkerchiefs. Initialed and Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.
Laces.
Duchesse, Point Applique and Brussels Laces.
Bridal Veils.
Metal and Lace Novelties.
Spanish Scarfs and Fichues, Neckwear for Women.
Feather Boas.
Gloves.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

It is praiseworthy to aspire to the stars, but you must also plan to drop on the earth.—*Ram's Horn.*



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250,000 students and graduates in Mechanical, Electrical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Telegraphy, Stenography, Book-keeping, etc. Write for circular and mention subject in which interested.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Established 1891. Capital $1,500,000.
Box 918 Scranton, Pa.

ADOPTED and USED BY THE U.S. GOVT.

$50 A WEEK
AND EXPENSES MADE.
Magic Lamp
MAKES ITS OWN GAS

They Pay for Themselves. Each burner gives 90 to 100 Candle Power at a cost of only
1 CENT FOR 8 HOURS OF PERFECT LIGHT.
No danger, no risk, no trouble, no smell. The Magic Lamp is made a standard by Fire Insurance Underwriters.
MADE IN ALL STYLES AND PRICES.
AGENTS make $50 and upward a week selling these lamps. They sell on sight to stores and families. Used Generally throughout the U. S. and Canada. Write to-day for territory and sample lamp.
THE MAGIC LIGHT CO., Factory 9 to 17 River St., CHICAGO, ILLS., U. S. A.

OPIUM
MORPHINE and LAUDANUM
habits cured by OPACURA a painless home treatment endorsed and used by leading Physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT, sufficent to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed).
OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. Z, Chicago.

THE Shah and the Sultan have been having a chat. Doubtless the expense of getting the children ready for the Fall term of school was touched upon. — *Washington Post.*

WHEN the door-bell rings, every woman in the house steps to the nearest looking-glass. —*Atchison Globe.*

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE ALWAYS.
Remington
Typewriter

New Models and
Tabulating Attachment for Statistical Work.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York

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AN INFERENCE.

FIRST LOBSTER.—I understand that these human beings are referring to one another as lobsters.

SECOND LOBSTER.—Ah! They're getting stuck on themselves!

Buffet Cocktails
and
Cordials
Awarded
GOLD MEDAL
(Highest Prize)
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PEARS
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Do not be imposed upon by injurious imitations.

MR. BUSYMAN *(in deep reverie)*.—Yes; and to-morrow is Christmas Day! Here I sit at the club. No wife, no family, no happy Christmas dinner for me. Nothing but a heartless dinner here at the club. Bah! Piling up wealth is not the only thing in this life. I see it all now.

"But, by Jove! I *will* have a true Christmas to-morrow. There is William, my office boy, the support of his widowed mother and younger sister. *They* can't be going to have much of a Christmas on *his* two dollars a week. I will buy the material for a sumptuous banquet, take it to their humble home and invite myself to partake of it.

(Christmas morning).—"Ha! Here it is! Humble, but neat and clean. I knew it would be so. Ah! This is like an old story I once read when I was a boy. Porter, just take the things in here. I will follow.

"Yes, Mrs. Sweetman, you will pardon this intrusion, I know. I am Willy's employer and I know you will take pity on a lonely bachelor this day. I am welcome? Good! Now, you prepare it and we will have an ideal day. *(Aside.)* By George! if she is n't a nice little bit of a woman. Just look at those eyes!

"Now, now; no thanks! I should thank *you*. Think of me sitting up there at the club eating a lonely dinner on this day on which we should all be convivial. *(Aside.)* By Ginger! What a tight little figure she has! And what cooking! I have n't enjoyed anything like it since I was a boy.

"Now, don't say a word! I brought you all this trouble and I am going to help you out of it. Just give me that towel and we will have the whole thing out of the way in a jiffy; then we can sit down and have a quiet afternoon's chat. Ah! This *is* home-like! *(Aside.)* My! My! Just look at those dimpled arms!"

MRS. SWEETMAN.—Yes, Mr. Busyman, you have made this a happy, happy Christmas Day for us! We were not always in such circumstances. Before Willy's popper failed in business and died we had every luxury, and, before I was married, my every wish was gratified.

MR. BUSYMAN.—Mrs. Sweetman, 't is sudden, I know, but I love you! Pity a poor, lone bachelor—be my wife! I have wealth and position; I can make you happy; I can make your children happy. Be mine and save me from ever having to eat a lonely club Christmas dinner again! You say "*Yes?*" Oh, joy!

FELLOW-CLUBMEN.—For Heaven's sake, Busyman, what are you dreaming about? Wake up! Stop your laughing in your sleep. Take your arms from around that post and come have a drink. It has just struck twelve and it 's Christmas morning!

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ONE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

DEC 19 1900